

RUSSIA "DOUBLY STRONG."

WHEN the new Russian Government, confronted by administrative disorders and a depleted treasury, might be induced by Socialist pressure to make a separate peace with Germany, is considerably allayed by the frank and positive assurances of Foreign Minister Milyukoff and the Russian press.

"Russia will continue the crusade for annihilation of German militarism with the greatest intensity," declares Prof. Milyukoff, "for our ideal is to prevent all possibility of war in the future." He begs the British and French labor delegates now in Petrograd to announce to their countrymen "that free Russia has become doubly strong through demoralization, and that she will overcome all sufferings which war entails; that, despite the revolution, we stand firmly for the principal object which war imposed on us."

Russian newspapers are equally outspoken in denouncing as "base, treacherous and hypocritical" hints emanating from Berlin and Vienna that Russia is ready for a conciliatory deal with the Central Powers.

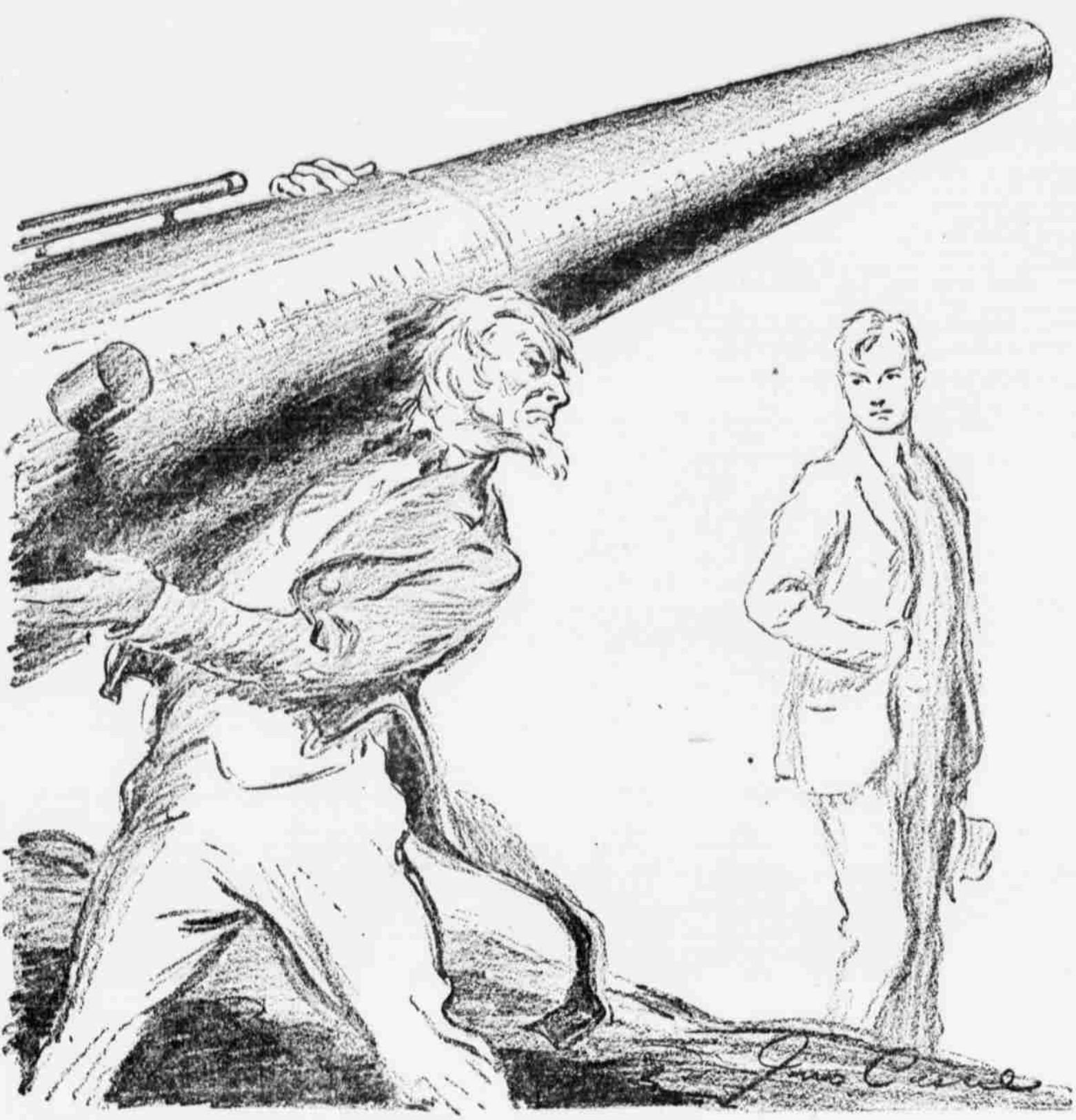
It would be foolish to minimize the relief such assurance must bring the Allies. A people struggling to adjust itself to new-found freedom is bound to have its attention turned inward. Temptation to seek peace and quiet for the working out of its new national system is naturally strong. The release of millions of German troops from eastern war fronts was a possibility England, France and America could not but regard as serious and real.

To the everlasting credit of Russian democracy its dominating spirit holds true and consistent. It has not realized its hopes only to stamp itself in the eyes of other democratic nations with a brand of national selfishness and cynicism which it could never efface.

Russia needs its railroads put in order. American railroad experts are going to attend to that. Russia needs ready money to carry on the war. The United States is on the spot with unlimited credit.

While at one and the same time they support armies in the field and organize the administrative and industrial forces of a new Russia, the Russian people need sympathy and help.

They can count on both from America during and after the war so long as they keep faith with allied democracy in the great resolve that henceforth its principles and purposes shall become paramount on this planet.



BACK to the farm, Maud, my love! There is work for us all to do. And, while you are planting potatoes, From dawn till the fall of the dew, And serving the Land that you claim to love, Here's what it will do for YOU!

It will smooth out your worry-wrinkles, It will color your cheeks like the rose, It will bring back your "baby dimples," It will straighten your tortured toes! It will take off the pounds like magic, Till you look like a sylph at play!

Come into the kitchen-garden, Maud— Come out of the cabaret!

BACK to the hayfield, Harold! Back, where the buttercups blow! Come out of the cabaret, Cuthbert, And take up the spade and hoe. And, while you are ploughing and planting, From dawn till the fall of the dew, And serving the Land that you claim to love, Here's what it will do for YOU!

It will straighten your silly shoulders, It will broaden your hollow chest, It will make you forget your cigarette, And suffer your lungs to rest! It will give you a full-sized appetite, And a beautiful coat of tan. It will make you a MAN among men, at last, Instead of an "also ran!"

AWAY with your banting, Betty! Away with your powder and paint! Away with fizzes and foppishness, Away with the tango's taint! Away with wining and dining, And turning of night into day! Come into the country—and grow a SOUL! Come out of the cabaret!

Successful Salesmanship
By H. J. Barrett

Closing Customers on the First Call.

"HAVE you ever called upon a prospect for weeks—finally demanded a definite Yes or No—closed him fairly easily—and then reflected upon the hours you'd wasted through not having had the nerve to "push for a close" long before?" Thus queried a veteran salesman, now a sales manager.

"I've a theory that the phenomenal records made by star salesmen are often largely due to their profiting by the pioneer work of the rank and file who lack that power to force an immediate decision. All over the country millions of convinced prospects are just waiting for a man of determination to come in and demand a definite answer. A good strong closer—what an asset he is to a sales force!"

"It's easy to get men who have a pleasing personality, an excellent approach, power of interesting a prospect, and ability to present a clear-cut exposition of a proposition. But when it comes to closing, to getting the signature on the dotted line—that's another story."

"It's a great mistake to assume that several calls are required to close a prospect. I'll admit that, in some cases, they are. But it's my firm conviction that the vast majority of sales made on the third or fourth call could just as well have been closed on the first. A man whose record indicates that he is the ablest life insurance salesman in the United States has asserted that practically all his sales are made on the initial visit. Almost never does he call twice on the same prospect."

"What is needed is a different mental attitude on the part of the salesman. If you visualize your call as mere preliminary move, that's all that it will be. But if you open your interview with the dogged resolution to close that sale right there on the spot, to fight it out on that line if it takes all day—then there's a mighty good chance that you'll score a knockout in the first round. I've adopted many mediocre men into stars. And that was the principle upon which I based my training."

Mothers of American Patriots
By Lafayette McLaws

Deborah Hitchborn, Mother of Paul Revere.

THE parents of Deborah Hitchborn gave a cold consent when she declared her determination to marry Paul Revere. For though the young Huguenot was acknowledged to be both talented and prosperous he was known to be of a hasty and hot temper. Besides he had changed the spelling of his name. Up to the time he called his sign in Boston as everybody knew, regardless of mispronunciation by his English-deported neighbors it had been spelled Revere.

As after events proved Deborah Hitchborn must have been one of those rare characters who know their own mind. Some five years after her marriage to the Huguenot gold and silver smith of the old North Church, Paul Revere was born. Being a son the day following his birth, Dec. 22, 1734, he was taken to church and christened Paul Revere in honor of his father.

Among the traditions which still cling around the old home of his favorite hero of American childhood are many concerning his mother. One is to the effect that as a child our famous midnight rider was as headstrong and passionate as ever his father could have been. Only his mother could control his fiery outbursts. For this reason he entered North Grammar School on Bennett Street later than his brothers and sisters, having first been disciplined by a rudimentary course at his mother's knee.

It was not long after he left this school and entered his father's shop that the two hot heads, father and son, came to an open clash. Young Paul having formed a friendship with the pastor of the West Church on Lynde Street insisted on attending that church, rather than the New Brick Church. The result was that his parents belonged. The father objected to this and finally struck his son.

Before a second blow could fall Deborah Revere stepped into the breach. She not only prevailed on her husband to stop quarreling with the boy, but to give him leave to choose his own church. The result was that Paul Revere, our patriot, became as devoted to his mother's church as he was to his country. Deborah Revere died May, 1777. The aged mother took the historic midnight ride which Awakened America.

Popular Superstitions

OLD actors believe the witches' song in "Macbeth" to possess the power of casting evil spells, and the majority of them strongly dislike to play in the piece.

Some of the creatures met with at sea are considered unlucky. If a shark is seen following a ship for days it is thought that some one on board is doomed to die shortly. The "And a good thing, too!" said Mrs. Jarr.

To-Day's Anniversary

IN parts of England April 20 has long been known as "Cuckoo Day," while in other sections the twenty-first is traditionally held to be the day on which that strange bird makes its appearance, after a winter spent in Africa. While ornithology does not wholly support this theory, it is substantially true, for the cuckoos of Europe conduct their flights on a schedule that never varies more than a few days.

Many quaint traditions are connected with "Cuckoo Day" in England and in continental countries. The cuckoo is by many considered to have prophetic gifts. One popular belief is that the young unmarried person will remain single as many years as the cuckoo first heard utters its love call. To the aged the number of calls portend the number of years on earth.

A vessel which sticks upon the waves while being lunched is certain to be unlucky, in the lore of the sea. A vessel painted blue is supposed to be a hoodoo and to bring bad weather. Fortune to a vessel is sure to be followed by ill luck to all vessels bearing the same name.

TWENTY-SEVEN CROSSES.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE" is the simple and eloquent title of a little booklet in which the International Typographical Union records the names of twenty-seven of its members who have lost their lives in the European war.

These printers belonged to Canadian unions. They went to the front with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces. "Killed somewhere in France" and the date is the meagre report with which the friends and relatives of most of them must now be satisfied.

Here is the news as received from the Commanding Officer of an Overseas Battalion and transmitted by the Adjutant General of Canadian Militia to a family back home at Winnipeg:

"Pte. J. H. Montgomery was on duty in trench known as G-1 when he was shot through the head by an enemy sniper. He never regained consciousness and died shortly afterward. His body was buried in Kimmel Military Cemetery.

"A cross has been erected to mark the grave. A map showing the exact location of the same is expected from England, and when received at Militia Headquarters will be at once forwarded to you."

Nearly 600 Canadian members of the International Typographical Union have enlisted for service overseas. Already the Union has paid mortuary benefits amounting to \$7,675 to widows, fathers, brothers and sisters.

The attention of other American unions should be called to this booklet and the story it tells. There is example and inspiration in the record of these loyal Canadian printers.

New York woke up yesterday with a will. Now it ought to stay awake and be among those present and down front at every shindy that comes along while this war lasts.

Hits From Sharp Wits

The pacifist is of the type that always looks under the bed before going to sleep.—Baltimore American.

Preparedness is a synonym for deep ploughing.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Conscription in time saves nine.—Boston Transcript.

Be content with your lot in life if it is big enough to raise a few hills of potatoes on.—Deseret News.

Leave the planning for to-morrow until to-day's work is done.—Albany Journal.

If all the men who have written books about the war volunteered there should be no occasion for conscription.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

If you do nothing but attend to your own business, brace up and do it well; don't be a slacker even against yourself.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Diplomatic language was invented to conceal thought.—Deseret News.

The "upper crust" of society is sometimes a pretty tough crust.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Letters From the People

Wants to Study for Examination. To the Editor of The Evening World: Kindly let me know if there is any book in which I can study the questions asked to become a citizen of the United States.

B. B. C.
The intelligence test is designed to show a fair mental equipment on the part of the applicant. Post yourself upon American history, Government and the process of electing officials, their powers, etc. Be prepared to answer questions about current events.

You Are a Citizen.
To the Editor of The Evening World: Kindly let me know if I am a citizen of the United States. My father and I came to this country from Canada when I was eleven years old. Father took out citizenship papers then, that

It is Twenty-seven Years Ago.
Would it be necessary for me to take out papers now or am I already a citizen through my father's papers?
J. S.

It is Correct.
To the Editor of The Evening World: A says that a submarine has come to the top of the water to fire a torpedo and that that is the only way a submarine can fire a torpedo while under water. READER.

Up to 81.
To the Editor of The Evening World: Let me know the value of a penny dated 1794.

A CONSTANT READER.
To the Editor of The Evening World: Please let me know on what day Sept. 10, 1881, fell. READER.

The Rich Little Poor Boy By Sophie Irene Loeb

WITHIN the week it was finally decided that the little boy who had tried both riches and poverty was happiest in the humble home of his parents.

This case will cause many a reflection as to just what makes for happy childhood. Certainly it is not luxury. The richest children are sometimes the loneliest. They are usually the little souls who long for the children of the streets with their freedom and comradeship.

I know a very wealthy boy who used to go riding in the park every day with his nurse, and who always insisted on stopping at a certain place to watch the children play.

One day his mother asked him, "If a good fairy came along and asked you to wish the most wonderful thing in the world, what would you say?"

The rich child, without a moment's hesitation, answered "To be one of the boys in the park."

Happiness to children is not luxury, but love—love of sisters and brothers and the public school and the playmates.

I can take you down on the East side into homes where the wolf comes often. Here food is sometimes scarce and sacrifice is a necessity. And yet it is this very element of not having everything that is the source of joy when the thing wanted does come.

As a general thing, the happiest homes are the lowly ones. Happiness, after all, is relative. And you enjoy a thing more when you know what it is to do without it.

Discomforts do not mean as much to children as they do to grown-ups. They are young animals to begin with, and the big thing in their lives is their laughter. It is the clothes in which they can have fun that are the most beloved.

The value of money as an asset spells little to them, as a rule.

Therefore, pity not the little poor boy who had to return to his lowly abode. He is very rich indeed, rich in new-found parents he is sure are his very own, rich in the little brother—rich in the very freedom that poverty brings. He will go on, never missing the money that might have been his.

Pity rather the poor rich couple who are bereft of the boy's presence. This foster mother and father must mourn his loss indeed. It is not an easy task to tear away from a child who has been made by clinging baby arms. They are poor, indeed, for they have lost the love that they hoped would be theirs in the years to come.

In this connection a word to the wise is an encyclopedia. There are thousands of little children homeless, except as they are supported by the State and society at large; thousands of little children that many couples would be blessed indeed to have round about them—children whose fathers and mothers and guardians will never reclaim them.

If you choose a child of this kind you do not run the risk of sorrow and suffering later on. You are sure that he may belong to you. You may legally have him as your own. That is the safe thing to do.

When you learn to love him you have no fear of future separation by the prior right of any person. And it is a good thing for lonely people to do. It will keep your spirit of youth alive to have youth about you.

There is no better time than the present. If you take a child from an institution to care for, it relieves the burden of the community. And a little child in Belgium may be helped in its place.

Always when you assume the responsibility of one it makes place for another. You are doing your "bit" in the entire scheme. Pity not the poor little boy with parents but rather him who is without.

For happiness reigns as much in the hovel of the pauper as in the palace of the peer.

The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCardell

WHAT'S your opinion of these so-called "Slacker Marriages?"

Mr. Jarr regarded her in some surprise, for it was rarely a husband is asked point blank for an opinion. His wife's opinion is given him continually at first hand, and he hears the opinions of friends and relatives first, second and third hand often enough, but he is seldom asked for his. This does not prevent him volunteering it ever and anon, however.

"Why don't you answer me when I ask you a civil question?" cried Mrs. Jarr. "I asked you what was your opinion of these so-called 'Slacker Marriages?'"

"Um-er," stammered Mr. Jarr. "It's only a little nervous hysteria, I think."

"Nervous hysteria?" repeated Mrs. Jarr. "Do you think scores of people are marrying because of nervous hysteria? That's what makes Malays run amuck, killing everybody in sight—nervous hysteria!"

"Well, can't American girls run amuck marrying every one in sight through nervous hysteria—although very nervous hysteria? Hysteria is nervousness and vice versa."

"It's your remark, not mine," replied Mrs. Jarr. "But I wouldn't call this marrying by that name any more than I would have called the signs they put up over store doors in England 'Business as Usual' when the war broke out nervous hysteria."

"Well, war or no war, I suppose work will go on as usual, and business as usual and marrying as usual, only more so," remarked Mr. Jarr. "But what's YOUR opinion of the so-called 'Slacker Marriages?'"

As Mrs. Jarr had probably asked Mr. Jarr's opinion in order to advance her own she promptly replied: "I think it's very unjust and is doing a great deal of harm—I mean calling them 'Slacker Marriages.'"

Mr. Jarr paused in an attitude of attention.

"Why, yes," Mrs. Jarr went on. "We had plays about 'War Brides,' and moving pictures about them, and we were supposed to be horrified that people should marry and fight."

Mr. Jarr murmured something, but checked himself in time to pretend he was only clearing his throat.

"What I mean," continued Mrs. Jarr, "is that we were supposed to object to marriage going on as usual in war times, and now people are held up to scorn if they rush into marriage. I don't understand it!"

"Why, it's this way," Mr. Jarr explained. "Married men and men having mothers dependent upon them will not be called to war at first, so it is thought that a lot of the present marriages are caused by a desire to avoid military duty."

"I don't believe it at all, and I think it unfair to say it!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "I know of several young men who belong to military companies who are marrying before the war begins and before they have to go on the firing line. Mrs. Rangle's niece in Boston is marrying because her fiancée expects to be called out and there are lots of other cases."

"Yes, the man who marries is certainly not too proud to fight, and the man brave enough to marry certainly isn't afraid of the war's alarms," suggested Mr. Jarr.

"You think that's funny?" said Mrs. Jarr with asperity. "However, I know enough instances to prove to me that more young men are marrying because they expect to go to war than because they hope to avoid going to war. Anyway, a lot of them will hold the threat of enlistment over their wives."

"I guess you are right," said Mr. Jarr. "I think as you do, that many of the marriages take place because the young folks would rather be parted as man and wife than as fiancés."

"The Cackleberry girls expect to get married now. That's why I asked your opinion. So I am glad you think they will marry heroes."

"Anybody who marries one of the Cackleberry girls will be a hero!" said Mr. Jarr fervently. "And if their husbands don't go off to a real war before lunch I'll miss my guess. As a matter of fact, I think most of the 'slackers' will find it a case of 'Marry in haste and repent in the trenches!'"

"And a good thing, too!" said Mrs. Jarr.

Age-Old Weapons Revived by War

MANY of the "new" weapons produced by the world war are really very old. Thus the asphyxiating bomb is an outgrowth of a missile employed long ago by the Chinese. Instead of deadly chemicals, it contained some substance that emitted a noxious odor, accompanied by stifling smoke. Later this device appeared in Europe and was known by the inelegant but expressive name of "stink-pot."

Another "Chinese" war method paved the way for incendiary shells. They invented a rocket, later adopted and widely used by the Saracens, which fired a kind of ball having claws or hooks that would catch hold on the side of a building and set fire to it. These balls were made of pottery and nitre, which became famous in the later ages as Greek fire.

The German device of throwing burning petrol upon an enemy by means of a pump was used long ago, when an attacking ship often spouted flames at the object of its assault. This plan was reserved for close quarters and frequently resulted in the destruction of the vessel so attacked.